

## Warmth by [kathasaurus\\_rex](#)

**Series:** [The Strange Gang \[1\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Cuddling & Snuggling, Dungeons & Dragons, Eleven Loves Eggos, Eleven Loves Mike, F/M, Forehead Kisses, I'm bad at decisions, M/M, Maybe - Freeform, Mike Loves Eleven, Possibly Pre-Slash, The Strange Gang, help me out guys, idk yet, shameless fluff

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Will Byers & Dustin Henderson & Lucas Sinclair & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers & Eleven, Will Byers/Lucas Sinclair

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**Chapters:** 1

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**Summary:**

They're teenagers, and they can stay up until the ungodly hours of the night, and they can fall asleep surrounded by each other's warmth.

## Warmth

### Author's Note:

This is trash. I'm trash. I wrote this in half an hour, and, honestly? It's fluff. You can find me on Tumblr at <http://kathasaurus-rex.tumblr.com> and you can send me prompts because goddamnit I love this show so much with all my heart, okay?! Peace out, strangers.

They had stayed up far too late, Mike yawning the final words of the campaign into the crook of his elbow. The clock upstairs chimed three a.m. as they crawled into the fort (which had been expanded, slightly, to fit the five of them) and curled up close to one another beneath the blankets, eyes already beginning to drift shut.

Mike was awake a bit longer as he watched Eleven settle between himself and Will, her adoptive brother. She spent a short amount of time fluffing up her pillow and making sure she was comfortable under her and Mike's shared blanket before tugging his arm around her waist. She yawned, eyes closing in the dim light as she moved, her back pressed to his chest, and sighed.

His own eyes closed as he listened to the gentle in and out of her breathing, and he tightened his grip on her, thinking back on the laziness of their day. It was that thought, the thought of *her*, that he fell asleep to.

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Will and Eleven awoke at the same time, letting out the same short gasp of air as they jerked into consciousness, and they looked at each other, weary.

"Will?" she said.

"Here," he replied, voice soft. He reached behind his head slowly to grab at the box of tissues, handing a few to Eleven before wiping at his own steadily bleeding nose. He yawned and leaned

back against Lucas, who was snoring loudly. “We’re here. You’re safe. I *promise*.”

Eleven let out a shuddery breath and wiped at her nose with the tissues. Mike shifted in his sleep, curling in closer to Eleven and pressing his nose to her hair. She let out a sigh and relaxed. “*Safe*,” she muttered, “*promise*.” She intertwined her fingers with Mike’s and fell back asleep slowly, blinking at Will.

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When he woke up, he was surrounded by warmth. He could smell Eleven’s strawberry shampoo and the laundry detergent his Mom used to wash the blankets, and the familiar, comfortable smell of his pillow. Dustin was stretched out above all their heads, curled up in their blankets, fast asleep. Will and Lucas had managed to become a tangle of limbs, breathing the same recycled air. And Eleven? Their fingers were loosely intertwined still, and they were impossibly close, and Mike *never wanted to move again*.

And then she moved. “Mike?” she whispered, voice raspy from sleep. She turned to face him, pressing her hands to his chest and looking up at him. “Eggos?”

He didn’t dare comment on the state of her chin-length hair, messy and sticking up around her head. He noticed the remnants of a nosebleed, but it didn’t show on his face. Instead, he smiled down at her, resting a hand on her waist while a slight blush rose on his face.

“Yeah, we can go make some,” he said gently. “Did you sleep alright?”

She shrugged. “Mostly.” She closed her eyes for a moment and tucked her forehead under his chin, enjoying the moment. He enjoyed it too, pressing an all-too-quick kiss to the top of her head. “Eggos now?”

“Yeah, let’s go before we wake up the guys. I think there’s only half a box left.” Mike slid out of the fort with practiced ease and held out a hand to Eleven, who took it and let herself be helped. “Ready?”

“Ready.”